S SONG IN THE STORM.



EY CAPT CW YOUNG

Noinn had been

ber a d inoffensive sly after receiving the news

And the thinking porthe corps) that it was

webed regimental feelings to and so, amongst themselves,

insane," but there taste in the mouth, that known, at present in the in the murderer's place.

ire. He had been born afterwards taking to the decto the militin-the e could be, and was, is carilest days. As I sult and thrashing sooner than

ut in his throat which let to the doctor said, cergun from left and ran where it ended in a gash. And yet the right, hand was cov and he was a right-

buil a fair share of cu nature; and, putting extraneous ideas-divesting I had a susplaion of one info unded, and I felt very d of myself for having

cas an old French minister (I who, whenever he had any what before him, from the Usined high dignities, to asia: "Who is she?" that woman was at the bot-stery fromble. The correctness maxim I leave for others to

I have found that in nine of ten a woman was the mov-

had but little to go upon. old hands (as I was to in life), I began on a wrong

ate Nolan's history from his are down on paper. But that he so information. His hab-

mpany officer does-to a

dm"-and almost every Tom-chum-could not tell me was a wooden-headed Lanwith a broad accent and a

ds and besides, I did not wish openly—or, as I said turn out Brotal dirty clothes basket in I do not remember mentioning the but this courred in India in 1878. City taxes must be paid before January

sau a mave no doubt that some of the old officers of the old corps of my time

will remember the case.

Private Noisn was an actor. How he got the strain in him I don't know; but there was no doubt about it. The outer was no doubt about it. quiet, retiring man in public or on duty became a rollicking farmer, or a jovial step dancer, once you got him on the boards. And as I was stage man-ager I ought to know. Naturally he had his detractors, and those who were jealous of his renown.

It was among those that I settled in my own mind to prosecute my researches and inquiries first.

A long, loose-limbed Scotchman named Macdongall was my primary essay. I knew him to be, as are most of his race, an interestic leature leading.

of his race, an intensely jealous indi-vidual. But he did not seem to me to "ill" the position of murderer for such mere triffe as occasional professional , again, there was an Irishman.

He might have loose principles on the tenure of life and the advisability of permitting a rival to live to eclipse his own talents; but I dein't think even

I short, the more I dived into the business, the more pualed I became; and, I think, so would anyone else.

Most folks who love their Shakes-pearc (and I am one) remember that HERE was com-motion in the of Hamlet and the players.

ferent men whom I suspected by a similar trick I chose the play of "The Bells," and I cast the man on his cot with his | whom my suspicions had centered for throat cut, and the principal role—that of the Jew, the floor on the left Mathias. I insisted on his coming to my quarters to receive certain hints and certain stage promptings. He was quick enough at picking these up, man this was strange to begin | but try as I might-in a quiet away-I could discover no trace of guilt in

at fault as ever. There is a particular-ly thrilling part in 'The Beils,' when the Jew, Mathias, is mesmerized, and, while in a state of hypnotic unconin every detail, thrilling the court with the role of the hypnotizer.

Never once did my "subject" and my self go through an entire rehearsal of our respective parts, and on the night of the actual representation, when unfortunately (but very opportunely for the success of my plot), taken ill suddenly and obliged to ask that my

The next night I was quite well enough until the court scene was

mly mentioned their all along and imagined that the exally appeared to have roused him, vet not so much as to be noticed, except by close watcher.

His excitement seemed to increase as "the" scene drew nigh. I had spent a good deal of time and trouble over it its perception. He certainly did jus-

to my anticipations. As he told his ginstly story under the hypnotic influence he really worked himself up uncommonly well, and as he related the netual details of the nurder he seemed to put himself actually

He approached the end of his thrilling confession. His eyes were fixed

the steady since as intently speech; and as the last word dropped from his lips, I bent forward, still holdbut in accents too low to be audible to

With a piercing shrick he threw up | SS ST. CHARLES ST., New Orleans such, had no enemies even his arms and fell to the floor as i



atmost be a thunderbolt, only to be attacked by a violent enileptic fit. Of course this brought the performance to an immediate close, ; dougall was promptly carried off to the hospital, where he lay for some months, the fits occurring now and again at un-

expected intervals.
The doctor declared that these alone would not wear the man's health down so completely as seemed to be the case; that he had something on his mind, slept ill, and so on.

Eventually the man was brought be-fore a medical board and invalided home to England. But although be-fore he went I tried to have a private interview with him, he was too clever for me, and evaded all my attempts; so that I was constrained to see him depart without arriving at any solution

Whether his conscience weighed upon him, and my low whisper of a word not in the text, "Murderer" precipitated the denonement, I cannot say

What I know is that for all these many years I have kept the occurrence secret, but have also always held in my own mind the belief that Private No lan's death was a case of murder, not suicide, and that Private Macdongali was the smurderer. Perhaps the truth may yet come out some day-

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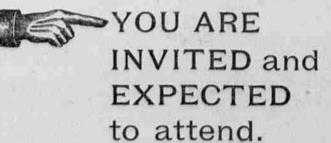
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